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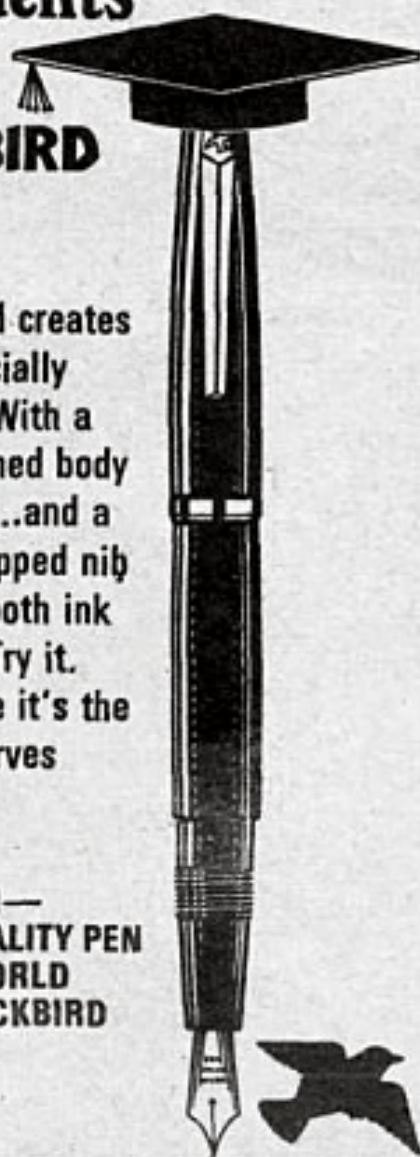
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THE BRAVE LITTLE POTTER

Once upon a time, a big tiger was out walking when it began to rain heavily. "My goodness!" thought the tiger. "If I don't find some shelter I shall be soaked." The tiger ran and ran until he came to a little hut. He stood near the side of the hut, to shelter.

After a few minutes he heard the voice of an old woman and she was saying, "Dear, dear. The rain is coming through this roof."

After a time, the old woman moved some of the furniture away from the place where the rain was pouring in. The tiger heard the bumping and scraping and he could not think what it was. Then he heard the old woman say, "Oh, this awful dripping. What a nuisance."

"I wonder who this Awful Dripping can be?" thought the tiger. "If he is making all that bumping and scraping noise, he sounds very fierce." He lay by the side of the hut until it grew dark and the rain began to stop.

Soon afterwards, a potter came along. The potter had lost his donkey and when he saw the tiger he thought it was his donkey, for it was dark and he could not see properly. He went up to the tiger and thumped it, hard. "You are very naughty," he said. "Where have you been?"

The tiger was not used to being treated like this. He was used to people being afraid of him and he thought to himself,

"This must be that person who is called Awful Dripping. I was right, he must be very fierce. I had better do what he tells me."

The potter got on to the tiger's back and told him to carry him home and because the tiger was a bit frightened of the potter, he did as he was told. When he reached his home, the potter tied the tiger to a post outside the house and then went in and went to bed.

Next morning, the potter's wife looked out of the window and saw the tiger tied to a post

outside the house. "Do you know what you rode home on, last night?" she said to her husband.

"Yes," he said. "That naughty donkey of mine. It ran away, but I found it and beat it soundly."

"Well, you had better look out of the window," she told him. The potter looked out of the window and he nearly fainted with fright when he saw the tiger. Just then, some of the village people came by. They all saw the tiger, tied up to the post. "Ali must be very





brave," they all said. "Look, he must have been riding that fierce tiger. How marvellous he is."

Some of the men went and told the Rajah, who was the ruler of the kingdom. He went to Ali's house to look for himself and he saw the tiger, tied to the post. "Ali must be a very brave man," he said. "I will make him a general in command of all my soldiers. He will set them such a good example."

Ali was made a general and he enjoyed it very much. He had very little to do, except see that the soldiers had plenty of exercise. Then, one day, the Rajah sent for Ali. "General Ali," said the Rajah. "The ruler of the neighbouring kingdom has declared war on us. He is bringing his army to

attack us. You must take the soldiers and stop him, at once."

Ali was very frightened. He had never been in a battle before and he had never even ridden a horse. The Rajah had given him a big horse, which was good at galloping, so that he could lead his soldiers into battle.

Ali looked at the horse. It did not look in the least gentle. "I am quite sure I will fall off," he said to his wife, who was with him.

"Don't worry," said his wife. "I will tie you on." She took a strong rope and tied Ali on so tightly that he could hardly move. The horse was so frightened by all this, that it bolted. Away it went, with Ali on its back, racing along, jumping hedges and ditches, straight towards the enemy soldiers.

Ali was very scared. He wished more than anything in the world that the horse would go the other way. He grabbed at a tree, as they galloped past, hoping to stop the horse, but the roots of the tree were loose, the soil had been washed away by the rain and instead of stopping the horse, Ali pulled up the tree.

The enemy soldiers saw Ali galloping towards them, at a great speed, waving the tree. They were afraid. "If all the Rajah's soldiers are as fierce and strong as this one, we had

better run away," they said and they did.

When the rest of the soldiers caught up with Ali, the enemy had gone. The Rajah was very pleased. He said to Ali, "Come to the palace tomorrow. I shall give you a special medal."

Next day, the streets were lined with people who were cheering Ali for saving the kingdom. "I never want to ride another horse," said Ali to his wife, so he walked to the palace.

"Hooray!" cried the people, when they saw Ali. "He is





truly a great man, for he is not proud. Other generals ride to the palace, for it makes them feel important, but Ali walks. What a great man he is."

The Rajah gave Ali his medal and a rich reward and Ali went home. Of course, the news of the great warrior who led the Rajah's army and went into battle carrying a whole tree, spread through the other kingdoms round about and after that, nobody dared to attack the Rajah's kingdom.

All Ali had to do after that, was to give the soldiers plenty of exercise and since he never had to go into battle again, he never had to ride another horse.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. *What was the former name of Ghana.*
2. *How many states are there in the United States of America?*
3. *Which is the smallest Union Territory?*
4. *What is the capital of Bhutan?*
5. *What was Thailand called previously?*
6. *Which country has suffered the worst famine in history?*
7. *What is the holy book of parsis called?*
8. *Who invented the ball point pen?*
9. *What does M.C.C. stand for?*
10. *Which is the world's largest stadium?*
11. *Who wrote the 'Discovery of India'?*
12. *Which country awards the Nobel prize?*
13. *What is the world's largest passenger capacity aeroplane?*
14. *Which city in India has trams still running?*
15. *What do the initials O N G C stand for?*

Now Turn to Page 20 and Check your score!



THE GOLDEN BUGLE

The land of Shankachuda in the Aravalli regions was ruled by a Rajput king. On top of a high hill lay the capital city surrounded by a strong fort. Inside the fort was a temple dedicated to Lord Siva. At the door of the temple hung a huge golden bugle. The custom was that only the blower of that bugle could rule the land. Thus people knew from the efforts made to blow the bugle who was entitled to be their king.

In those days the kings fought innumerable battles to keep their throne. There were enemies about who were forever launching attacks and these had to be repulsed. Thus it came about that Ranasimha, the king of Shankachuda sallied forth to defeat his enemy who was marching upon his capital.

On the eve of the battle, Ranasimha went to the temple

of his Gods and blew lustily on the golden bugle. At once a clear sound pierced the stillness of the morning air. Taking this to be a good omen, Ranasimha galloped off to fight his enemies. Just before he left, he called his brother aside and said, "Krishnasimha, if I should die on the battle field, then you must ascend the throne. But first, you must blow on the bugle, then only can you sit on the royal seat. This has been our traditional custom."

Then both brothers joined the fray. Now Krishnasimha had long coveted the throne, and here was an excellent opportunity to do away with his brother. But he was a coward and did not dare take upon himself the task of killing his royal brother.

So he hired some assassins who went to the royal tent



and stabbed Ranasimha while he was fast asleep. Then they threw the body of the king into the river and reported the deed to Krishnasimha who rewarded them handsomely.

Next day, the war camp buzzed with the rumour of the disappearance of Ranasimha. It was presumed that he had been killed by his enemies. Putting on a show of grief, Krishnasimha went into mourning and ordered the army to return home.

When the sad news reached Shankachuda, the people were plunged into deep sorrow for Ranasimha had been a popular king and much loved by his subjects.

Krishnasimha declared that he would rule the land as king. Then he set a date for his coronation as king. But there still remained the custom of blowing the golden bugle. Privately, once or twice, Krishnasimha stole into the temple and tried to blow the bugle but nary a sound came out of it.

The royal priests now announced that Krishnasimha would blow on the bugle according to custom and establish his right to rule over Shankachuda. But the latter stoutly refused to do so and decried the old custom as a lot of superstition. Naturally people did not think anything was amiss in his refusal to abide by the custom though

they thought it a little strange for a king to break tradition.

The day of the coronation dawned brightly. The whole land celebrated the day in a fitting manner. Everyone assembled at the royal palace to witness the ceremony that would make Krishnasimha, the new king of Shankachuda.

As the crown was about to be placed on his head, the clarion call of the bugle sounded from the top of the hill. The startled citizens streamed out of the palace and began to run towards the hill. Krishnasimha shivered in terror and ran out of the palace.

When the citizens reached the temple, they saw their former king Ranasimha blowing the bugle. He was alive and well.

He addressed the citizens, "Dear people, I am not dead. True, I was attacked and thrown into the river. But by God's grace, I survived and it took me

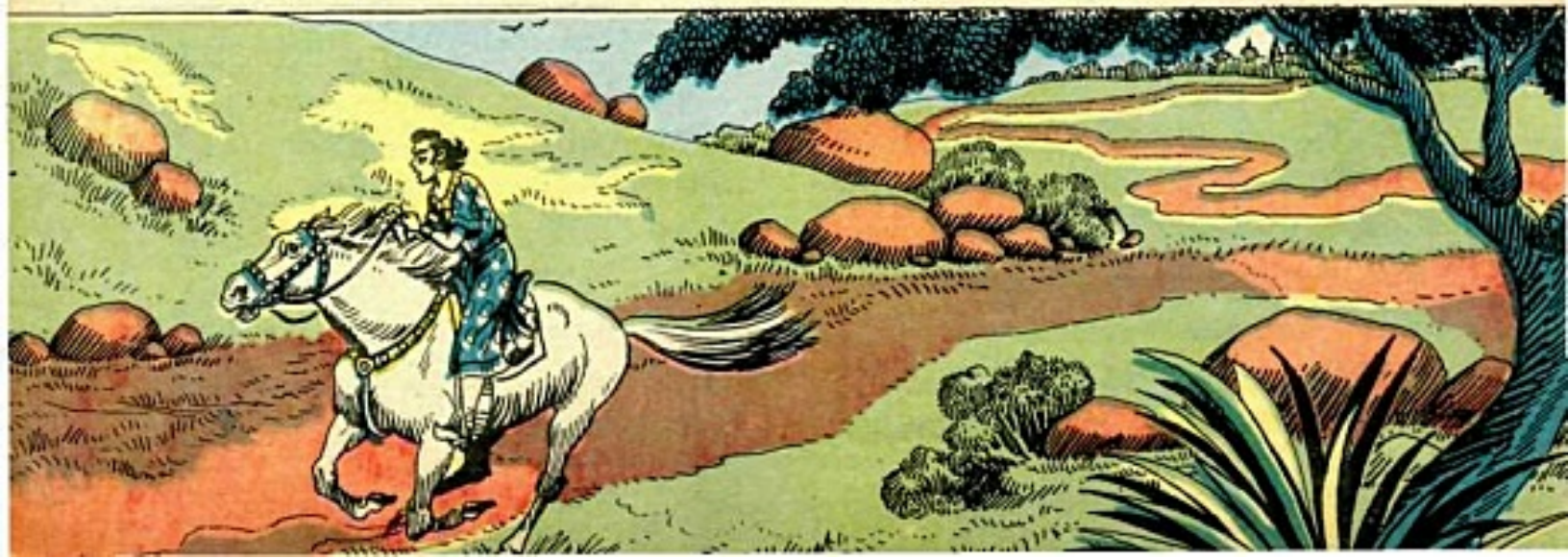
several months to recover. I have already taken revenge on my assassins. It only remains for me to deal with the ring leader of this crime."

The angry populace shouted, "Tell us, tell us who that man is. We'll tear him limb from limb."

"Patience, my good people," said Ranasimha, "I will deal with him myself."

He looked around but did not find his brother. He knew that the latter had fled. Therefore he said, "Let that man who tried to harm me be banished from this land. He will repent of his crime all his life. That will be punishment enough for him."

Then Ranasimha resumed his sovereignty over Shankachuda and the people were very happy. As for Krishnasimha he was never seen again in these parts and so everyone knew about his guilt in the whole matter.



THE GIANT'S THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

Once upon a time, a son was born to a woodcutter and his wife. Soon after he was born, an old witch passed by and when she saw the baby, she said, "That baby will grow into a fine lad. He will marry the king's daughter and rule the kingdom."

The woodcutter's wife was so pleased that she told everyone she met and soon the news reached the king. He was so angry that he decided the baby must die at once and he went, with his soldiers, to the woodcutter's cottage. He took the baby, put him into a box and threw the box into the river. "No woodcutter's son shall rule my kingdom, witch or no witch," he said, as he rode back to the palace.

Luckily for the baby, a miller happened to pass by and heard the baby's cries coming from the box. He drew it to the shore, took the baby home and brought him up as his son. He called the lad Tom.

Many years later, when Tom had grown into a fine, handsome

lad, the king rode past on a hunting trip. He stopped at the miller's house for a rest and saw Tom at work. The miller told the king how he had rescued the lad from the river, when he was a baby and the king remembered at once the woodcutter's son he had thought was dead. The king turned pale. He sat down and wrote a letter to the queen, then he sealed it up and asked Tom to take it to the palace. The letter told the queen to have Tom put to death immediately he arrived.

Tom took the letter and set out. Part of his journey took him through a dark forest. The going was hard and when evening came, Tom was very tired. He came to a cottage and stopped to ask for a bed for the night.

The cottage belonged to a band of outlaws and they agreed to let Tom spend the night there. When he was asleep, they went through his pockets and found the king's letter. They were so sorry for Tom



when they read that he was to be put to death, that the outlaw chief wrote another letter, telling the queen to marry Tom at once to her daughter. He sealed it in the king's envelop and put it back in Tom's pocket. Next morning, Tom went on his way and soon came to the palace. He was delighted when the queen told him that he was to be married at once to her daughter and even more delighted when he saw the beautiful princess. For her part, the

princess was very happy to marry the handsome Tom.

When the king returned, the wedding was over and the celebrations had finished. The king was furious, but he could not put his own son-in-law to death, so he thought hard and finally formed a plan for getting rid of Tom.

"If you are to be the next ruler of the kingdom," he said to Tom, "you must prove that you are brave and wise. You must find the Giant of the Black

Mountain and bring me back three golden hairs from his head." Tom set off bravely and the king settled back happily on his throne, certain that he would never see Tom again.

Tom travelled until he came to a town. All the people he saw looked miserable and he asked an old man what was the matter. "In our town," said the man, "there is a fountain which pours out wine. Now it has suddenly dried up and no one can find out why. If you can tell us what is the matter, everyone will be happy again." Tom promised that he would try to find the answer and went on his way.

The people of the next town were just as miserable and Tom asked what was the matter. "In this town," said a man, "there is a tree which bears golden fruit, but this year it has not even had any leaves. If you can find out what is the matter, please tell us." Tom promised that he would try and went on his way.

Soon, he came to a broad river. On the other side was the cave in which the giant lived. A ferryman came up with his boat and rowed Tom

across. "Why do you look so unhappy?" asked Tom and the ferryman replied, "You would look unhappy if you were doomed by a spell to spend all your life as a ferryman. If you can tell me how I can release myself from the spell, I will reward you well." Tom promised that he would try, then he made his way to the giant's castle.

Only the giant's wife was there and she begged Tom to go away, for her husband would eat him for supper if he found him there. Tom told her what he wanted and she promised to help him. She hid him in an empty cider barrel so that the giant would not smell him.

When the giant returned, she gave him a large meal and waited until he had gone to sleep. Then she crept up to him and pulled a hair from his head.

The giant woke up with a yell. "I am sorry I disturbed you," said his wife, "but I wanted to know why the fountain which gave out wine has dried up?"

"Easy," said the giant. "There is a large toad underneath it. Kill the toad and the wine will flow again."



When the giant had gone back to sleep, his wife pulled out another hair. "I did not mean to disturb you," she said, "but why is the tree which bears golden fruit dying?"

"Because there is a rat gnawing at the roots," said the giant. "Kill the rat and the tree will bear fruit."

A third time, the wife pulled a hair from the sleeping giant's head. He leaped up with a roar of fury. "Calm down," said his wife. "I wondered

why the ferryman who rows people across the river can never leave his boat."

"He has only to hand his oar to the next passenger and he will be free," said the giant. Then he went back to sleep. When his wife heard him snoring loudly, she let Tom out of the cider barrel, gave him the golden hairs and sent him quickly away.

The ferryman rowed Tom across the river and when he reached the other side, Tom told



him to hand his oar to the next passenger and he would be free. The ferryman was so pleased that he gave Tom a bag of gold. When Tom reached the town, he told the people to kill the rat which was gnawing at the roots of their tree, and they were so pleased that they, too, gave him a big bag of gold. At

the next town, he told the people to kill the toad which was underneath their fountain and the wine would flow again. They, too, gave him a bag of gold. When Tom reached the palace, he gave the king the three golden hairs and showed him the bags of gold.

The king was amazed. "Where did you get all that gold?" he asked.

"There is plenty on the other side of the river but I could not carry any more," said Tom. The greedy king hurried away to find the gold and when he came to the river, he called to the ferryman, "Hurry, fellow! Row me across at once."

The ferryman did so, but when they were at the other side he handed the king his oar and jumped ashore. The king was left to spend the rest of his days as a ferryman, while Tom ruled the kingdom in his stead.

SALOON.





GIFT FROM THE MONKEYS

Long ago there lived an old man in a certain village. He was a grass-cutter and daily went to the nearby forest to gather grass.

One day, as usual, he set out for the forest and carried his lunch of puffed rice in a neat bundle. On reaching the jungle, he put his bundle down and got busy cutting the grass. Just then a marauding band of monkeys swung down from a tree and pounced on his lunch. Soon they were scattering the puffed rice on all sides. The old man was bemused by the antics of the monkeys but sat still as a statue watching them work havoc with his lunch.

The monkeys saw the old man in a frozen state and thought that he was an idol. So they picked him up bodily and carried him away. For fear that he might be bitten to death, the grass-cutter closed his eyes tightly and remained

immobile. The monkeys deposited him in front of a deserted temple, and showered gold and silver coins before him. Then they left.

The old man opened his eyes and saw a veritable treasure hoard lying before him. Obviously, these must be the coins dropped by devotees to the temple. The monkeys had raided the place and brought out the money. They must have flung it before him because he looked like the temple idol, so still and silent!

The old man tied up the money in a cloth bundle and hurried home happy with his windfall. On the way he bought some new clothes for himself and his family.

The news of his good fortune reached the ears of his neighbour's wife. She learnt all the details and began pestering her husband to do likewise.

So the other man set out for



the forest with his lunch of puffed rice. On reaching there, he placed his lunch at the foot of a tree and sat down beside it.

As usual, the monkeys came and began to devour the food. Then they lifted the man and began to run. At this, he opened his eyes and laughed at the funny sight of so many monkeys carrying him. The simians grew irritated and dropped him on the ground. Then the whole band fell on the

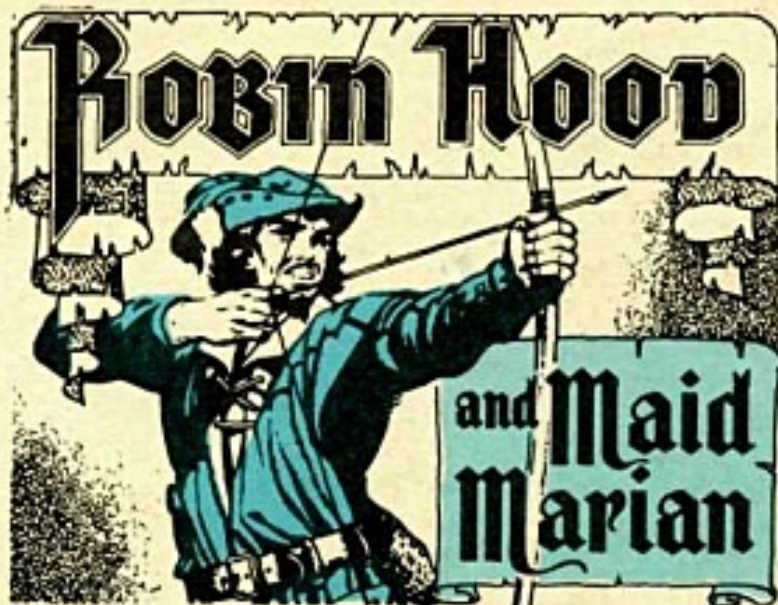
hapless victim. They bit and scratched and nearly gouged his eyes out but somehow he managed to escape and tottered home, bleeding from a number of wounds on his body.

His wife who was expecting him to come home with a lot of wealth was crestfallen to see him in this sad plight. She, who was jealous of her neighbour's good fortune and wanted to go one better was served rightly.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. GOLD COAST | 9. MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB. |
| 2. 50 | 10. STRAHOV STADIUM IN PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, WHERE 240,000 PEOPLE CAN BE ACCOMMODATED. |
| 3. LACCADIVE, MINICOY AND AMIN-DIVI ISLANDS (Area is 101 Sq. K. M. and population 24,108) | 11. JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. |
| 4. THIMPU | 12. SWEDEN. |
| 5. SIAM | 13. BOEING 747-CAN ACCOMMODATE UP TO 490 PASSENGERS. |
| 6. INDIA IN 1770, WHEN NEARLY ONE-THIRD OF ITS POPULATION DIED. | 14. CALCUTTA. |
| 7. THE ZEND AVESTA. | 15. OIL AND NATURAL GAS COMMISSION. |
| 8. JOHN J. LOUD IN 1888. | |



The Sheriff of Nottingham had sent Guy of Gisborne, with a number of ruffians, into Sherwood Forest to search for Robin Hood and try to capture him. Robin had no idea of the danger all around him.

Guy of Gisborne knew quite a lot about the forest paths and also about the outlaws. He guided his rascals to the lovely glade near a stream where Robin often went. "This is where we'll catch Robin Hood," he told his ruffians.



Meanwhile, Robin Hood was teaching Maid Marian where the secret paths were, so that she would not get lost in the forest. As he showed her the beauty spots which he loved so well, they came to the banks of a beautiful stream. Robin was so keen on his story he did not hear the rustling nearby.



Guy of Gisborne was watching Robin from behind a thicket. He beckoned to his men to creep up and join him. "Look," he whispered, "this is our lucky day. That is Robin Hood himself. Follow me closely and grab him when I shout." As Guy of Gisborne took a step forward he trod on a twig and it cracked. Maid Marian heard it and cried out, "Beware, Robin!"

In a flash, Robin spun round to meet the attack. He fought with his bare hands because he had no room for shooting. Man after man reeled away from his powerful blows but others were there to replace them. In spite of the fact that she was only a girl, Maid Marian, hindered Robin's foes all she could, clawing and kicking at their shins until they broke away. But the unequal fight could not go on.



Robin was strong and brave but he could not fight half a dozen men all at once. Suddenly, one of the ruffians drew a stout cudgel from under his cloak. He darted up behind Robin and with one blow knocked him off his feet.



Guy of Gisborne seized Marian's arms and called one of his men to pick Robin up. Great storm clouds came rolling across the sky, with a threat of heavy rain, but Guy of Gisborne had no time to bother about that. Keeping Maid Marian as his prisoner, he set off for Nottingham with the senseless Robin Hood.

Little John and Much the Miller were out in the forest and heard the distant scuffling. They scouted around but found nothing until Much the Miller pointed at something on the ground. "Look," he exclaimed, "It's Robin's bow."





They found Robin's bow, but the earth all around it was trodden flat, a sign of a fierce struggle. Just then, storm clouds gathered and rain began falling. "Robin put up a fight for it," said Little John, "but he has been captured, and so has Maid Marian. We will have to follow their tracks before the storm washes them away." They picked up the trail and sped through the forest as fast as they could go following the footmarks.

Then the rain came down in a torrent. It was a terrific storm and even Guy of Gisborne and his ruffians were glad to find shelter. They dragged Robin and Maid Marian into a leafy glade, and had Robin's hands tied behind his back. He was afraid that if he stayed near Sherwood the outlaws would try to rescue Robin, but he could not go on in the rain.



Much the Miller and Little John did not let the teeming rain stop them as they sped through the forest. Here and there they saw tracks left by Robin and his captors, so they knew which way to go. "Hurry," panted Little John.



Luckily, the storm did not last long but the tracks they had been following were all washed away. They were right on the edge of the forest. "They have got well away," said Little John. Just then a twig snapped in a nearby glade.

Much the Miller and Little John moved cautiously towards the glade but Guy of Gisborne saw them some way off. One of his men gave the warning, "Somebody is coming," Guy of Gisborne snapped! "Keep quiet. I'll see who they are."





He crept away through the glade until he was near enough to get a good view of the oncoming men. He recognised them as two of Robin's men. Stealthily, he made his way back to his band of ruffians. "On guard," he whispered.

Guy of Gisborne stood close to Robin and threatened him with a knife. "If you move, or cry out, you will suffer for it," he hissed. After that, nobody in the glade dared move or utter a sound while the two outlaws drew nearer.



Much the Miller was saying, "They must be well on their way to Nottingham, by now." "Very likely," Little John agreed, "but we will take a look in that glade." Together they moved forward, walking straight into deadly danger.

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

THE RESCUED RAVEN

One day, two little boys, named Billy and Martin, were out in the fields picking strawberries. It was a hot day and Martin was tired, so he sat down for a rest beneath a bush. As he did so, something caught his eye.

"Billy," he called. "What's that I can see in the bush?"

Billy looked up. "Why it's a bird," he said and ran over to where a poor little raven hung, half dead, from one of the branches.

Billy picked up the raven. It had a broken wing and a broken leg and it gave a sad little squawk as Billy lifted it from the bush.

"What a scruffy little thing," said Martin. "It doesn't look much use at all, but you never know. Perhaps if we keep it in a cage it will get better and then we can sell it in the market, or something."

"We'll do no such thing," said Billy. "Birds don't like to be kept in a cage, when they have been used to flying around the fields and hedges. I shall keep it and try to heal its wing and leg. Then if it gets better, I shall let it fly away."

"Well, just as you like," said Martin, "but as I saw it first it is really my raven. If you want it, you must give me ten marbles."

Billy thought this was rather a lot to ask, but in the end he





gave his companion the ten marbles and took the raven home with him.

In a short time its wing and leg had healed so well, that it was able to hop about and flutter around the house. Soon it could fly quite strongly, but it did not fly away. Instead, it stayed in the house and made friends with Gribble, the cat, and Laddie, the dog.

The little raven was so clever, that it soon learned to help the dog watch over the cows in the pastures, giving them sharp little pecks to make them go in the right direction, if they were being troublesome.

Each day, Billy's mother picked fresh mushrooms from the

fields and took them to the market to sell them. The little raven quickly learned to find the biggest, choicest mushrooms and each morning it would fly in front of Billy's mother, showing her where to find them. Each day, Billy's mother sold all her mushrooms soon after she reached the market, for they were so delicious.

By this time, the raven had grown big and strong. Its feathers were a glossy black and its round black eyes were shiny and twinkled with mischief.

"It is Spring and soon our little raven will want to fly away," said Billy's mother. "We must clip his wings so that

he will stay with us. After all, if he went away, it would be harder to find the mushrooms and more difficult to herd the cattle. He is such a clever little bird."

"No," said Billy. "He is used to flying around free. It would spoil him to clip his wings and he would be sad if he could not fly in great swoops over the fields and up into the trees. We will leave him free and he can fly away if he wants to."

The raven was left to fly, like a shining black arrow, across the meadows, up towards the sun and far away, towards the distant blue hills.

One day, just as Billy's mother had said, the raven did not return. They did not see him for several weeks, but then, one day, at supper time, he was there again, tapping at the window to be let in.

Billy opened the window and to his surprise in flew two ravens. The little raven had found a wife and brought her back to Billy's home for a visit.

They did not see the two ravens again for several weeks, but one day they came back again and this time there were three baby ravens with them,

small, fat, glossy birds, looking very much like their father. Billy was delighted and the dog barked his welcome, while the cat purred with pleasure to see them all. The ravens hopped all around the room, chattering and chirping in their high, shrill little voices.

Then they all flew away again and no one saw the ravens for many weeks.

One bright October morning, Billy went fishing in the nearby river. He sat on the bank, waiting for a fish to take home for dinner, when behind him he heard a terrible bellow.

He turned round and there, galloping towards him, was an enormous bull. It belonged to





the farm next to Billy's and it had broken out of the field where it was kept.

Billy knew all about the bull, for there were big notices on the gate of the field, which said **DANGER** and **BEWARE OF THE BULL** and **THIS BULL IS VERY FIERCE** and the gate of the field was always kept chained and padlocked.

Billy took to his heels and ran, but he did not know in which direction to run, so he soon became hot and tired and very confused. He did not

know how he could escape and worse still, he could hear the horried bull pounding along behind him, gaining ground all the time.

Just as Billy felt that his legs or his breath would give out and he could run no more, a shining black bird fell like a stone, out of the sky. It landed on the bull's head and gave it such a sharp peck on its tender nose, that the bull turned and ran for dear life, roaring and bellowing as it went across the field, in the opposite direction from Billy.

WHY DOES A BIRD FLUFF OUT ITS FEATHERS?

In Winter we can wear extra clothes, while a wild animal is able to grow a thicker coat; but a bird has only its feathers, and these cannot be made any thicker. A bird will fluff out its feathers so that it can get that extra bit of warmth. In doing so air is trapped within the feathers, and this stops body heat from escaping.



WHY DO HILLS LOOK PURPLE AT A DISTANCE?

At certain times far off hills seem to be coloured purple or blue. This strange effect is due to the reflection of blue rays in sunlight by dust particles in the air. The blue colour in the air is a very faint one, so it has no effect on nearby objects; yet when looking over a distance the thick layer of the air gives hills a bluish tinge.



IS A LAKE A LITTLE SEA?

The dictionary tells us that a Lake is a large body of water entirely surrounded by land; a Sea is described as an expanse of salt water. Now the largest inland body of water (lake) is the salt Caspian Sea, which is almost the size of Sweden; yet there is, for example, the big bay that cuts into the coast of Venezuela and known as Lake Meracaibo. So there can be no strict rule to divide lake and sea; in general, we think of a lake as an inland water and a sea as a coastal one,

A large, detailed illustration of a giant bird, possibly a phoenix or a similar mythical creature, with green and brown feathers. It is shown from the side, with its wings spread wide. A small figure of a man is perched on its right foot. The background features stylized, colorful mountains in shades of green, yellow, and red.

SINBAD IN

Once upon a time, in the far away city of Baghdad, there lived a man named Sinbad. His father, a very rich man, had died while Sinbad was still a child. Sinbad inherited his fortune and when he grew up he started to spend the vast amount of money at once. He bought fine clothes, many houses, jewels and treasure. He entertained his friends with countless numbers of parties and his house was open to anyone who cared to come and stay there.

One day, Sinbad found that most of his fortune had been spent and there was very little money left. He decided to sell what was left of his jewels and

THE VALLEY OF DIAMONDS

belongings, buy some goods and try to make some money by trading them in foreign lands. Saying goodbye to his closest friends, he set sail in a fine ship with a party of other merchants.

Their journey took them to many strange lands and wonderful islands where they traded their goods with the people they met. One day, the merchants, who were quite rich by now, came to a lonely and uninhabited island. The island was covered with trees, whose branches were bent down to the ground, under the weight of the fruit they carried. There were brightly coloured birds flying in and out of the trees and flowers bloomed everywhere.

The merchants landed on the island and while some of them prepared a fire on the beach so that they could cook a meal, Sinbad wandered off on his own to explore the island. He had not walked far in the hot sun, before he felt very sleepy. Lying down on the soft, green grass

Sinbad soon fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke he saw, to his horror, that the ship he should have been sailing on was now far out to sea. He climbed to the top of a palm tree and waved his arms about, but nobody saw him and gradually the ship disappeared from view. It was plain that no-one had noticed that he was missing.

High in the tree, Sinbad turned round to take a better look at the island and to his joy and amazement, he saw a big, white dome in the distance. Thinking that this looked like the round top of a building of some kind, where he might find food and shelter, Sinbad slithered down the tree and set off in the direction of the dome. Dusk was falling when he reached it and he walked all round it looking for an entrance. There was none.

Suddenly, a shadow fell across the ground. Sinbad looked up and there, just above him, was a huge bird, bigger than he had

ever seen before. At once Sinbad knew what it was. He had heard many stories from seafarers, about this enormous bird, which was called a roc. He trembled as he remembered that this monstrous bird fed its young on baby elephants. The big white dome that he had thought was a building, was really the roc's egg, half hidden the ground.

However, it looked as though the bird was settling down for the night, so Sinbad lay down on the ground and began to think of a plan to escape from the island. He unwound his long turban from his head and tied himself to one of the giant bird's feet. "When the roc awakes in the morning," he thought, "it will rise up and fly away. Perhaps it will fly to a place where there are people. Then I can untie myself and be free again."

Sure enough, as the first rays of sunshine showed over the horizon, the giant roc stirred, stretched itself and with a great flapping and flurry of wings, rose up into the air, carrying Sinbad with it.

Over the sea they went until at last the roc landed. Quickly, Sinbad untied himself and then

he looked around. He was at the bottom of a rocky valley and there was not a living thing in sight. All around him rose steep, rocky slopes, impossible to climb. "This won't do," thought Sinbad, but before he could tie himself on to the roc's leg again, it flew away, down the valley. Suddenly, it went into a steep dive and when it reappeared, to Sinbad's horror, it was clutching a great black serpent in its beak.

The sides of the valley were too steep and dangerous to climb, so Sinbad had no choice but to stay there. As he moved around the valley, Sinbad noticed that the stones glittered in the rays of the sun. Looking closer he saw that the rock floor was strewn with magnificent diamonds, but he saw, too, that here and there among the diamonds lay huge black serpents, some of them with bodies thicker than palm trees. As he watched, they slithered back into their holes in the rocks, in which they lived and hid during the day, well away from their enemies, the eagles and the rocs.

All day Sinbad roamed the valley looking for shelter, or a way of escape. Finally, at dusk, he found a cave in which



he could spend the night.

"How will I escape the serpents?" he wondered, as darkness came. He decided to push a boulder into the mouth of the cave. When he had finished doing this, he turned round to look for a place to sleep and then he saw, at the end of the cave, a huge serpent, coiled round its eggs and fast asleep. "Foolish man that I am," he thought. "Locking myself in, by putting a boulder in the mouth of the cave, was the worst thing that I could have done." He did not dare remove the boulder for fear of waking the monster, so all night Sinbad had to stay awake in case the serpent woke up.

As morning drew near, Sinbad plucked up courage to move the boulder from the mouth of the cave. As he pushed it away he heard a hissing noise and looking back over his shoulder he saw the serpent begin to move. Pushing with all his might, the frightened man managed to move the boulder out of the way and he staggered out into the valley of diamonds.

Feeling hungrier than ever, Sinbad started to wander along the valley again. Suddenly he saw the body of a sheep roll

down the steep side of the valley and hit the ground with a thump.

He remembered a story he had once heard from some travellers. They told him how the men of a far-away country threw down the body of a dead sheep into a great valley, that was too steep for a man to climb down. The eagles would swoop down and seize the meat in their claws and carry it back up to the top of the valley. There, the waiting men would frighten the eagles away and make them drop the sheep, by shouting and waving sticks. Then the men would run to pick out the diamonds that had stuck to the dead sheep.

Sinbad suddenly scooped up some diamonds from the ground and filled his pockets with them. He undid his turban and filled that with diamonds as well. Then he tied himself to the dead sheep and waited for an eagle to come along.

Within a few minutes, a powerful eagle swooped out of the sky. Sinking its talons into the sheep, the bird flew towards the top of the valley, carrying Sinbad with it. When they reached the top there was a great uproar. All the men at



the top were shouting and waving their sticks to frighten the eagle away and make him drop the sheep, to which Sinbad was tied.

Imagine the surprise of the merchants when they rushed towards the sheep and found, instead of diamonds, a man. They helped him to his feet and asked him who he was. Sinbad told them how he had reached

the valley. Grateful for his escape, he took out some of the diamonds he had gathered and gave them to the merchants. They were very pleased. Each one of them had more diamonds than could possibly have been stuck to the sheep. Then they took Sinbad back to their town.

Eager to get home, Sinbad told the merchants that he wished to leave as soon as possible and they arranged for a ship to collect him.

The journey home was uneventful and when at last the city of Baghdad came in sight, Sinbad was overjoyed.

As soon as he landed he had the diamonds valued and changed into money. He now had far more money than he had ever had before. Then he returned to his house and began to live again the rich life that he had been used to. His friends flocked to see him and the story of his adventures spread far and wide.



Can February March ?
No. April May.

THE FROST MAIDEN

A long time ago, far away in Russia, there lived a beautiful girl called Magda. She lived with her father, her stepmother and her two step-sisters, in a small cottage in the country.

The two step-sisters, Tania and Marfa, were the laziest girls you could wish to meet and they were also the most quarrelsome. They were always quarrelling about who was the most beautiful and who would get the richest husband.

Poor Magda never had time to quarrel, even if she had wanted to, for her stepmother kept her busy with the housework from morning till night.

It was a hard Winter that year and food was scarce and expensive and one day the stepmother said to her husband, "It is time we got Magda married. We are poor and it would be one less mouth to feed."

Her husband agreed and that night, the stepmother said, "Get up early tomorrow, harness the horse to the sledge and take Magda into the forest.

Leave her there for her husband to fetch."

The poor man was puzzled but he could get no more out of his wife, so he did as he was told. When Magda found that she was to be left in the forest, she cried bitterly, for it was cold and she wore only a thin dress, but her father did not dare to disobey his wife. He sadly kissed Magda goodbye and went home.

When he arrived he asked his wife who Magda's husband was to be. "Jack Frost," she replied, laughing unkindly. "Don't fret. It's one less mouth for us to feed."

Magda sat alone in the forest, shivering with cold. She heard the snapping of twigs and crackling of ferns and she looked up and saw the fir trees, glittering with thousands of tiny frost jewels.

Suddenly, in front of her stood Jack Frost, his white cloak covered with sparkling jewels like those he had sprinkled on the trees.





"What are you doing all by yourself in the forest?" asked he.

"Waiting for the husband who will come to claim me," replied Magda.

"Are you all right?" asked Jack Frost.

"As well as can be expected in this cold, hard Winter," replied Magda.

"Are you cold?" asked Jack Frost.

"A little," she said, "for I have no coat."

"Does my frost make you cold?" he asked.

"It is very beautiful and perhaps if I had a thick coat I would not feel it at all," replied Magda and this time she could not keep her teeth from chattering. Jack Frost took pity on

her. "The frost shall not harm you," he said and he gave her a cloak of the richest furs, hood, boots and muff and round her neck he hung a necklace of his most magnificent diamonds.

Next day her poor father, who had not been able to sleep for thinking about her, drove out to see what had happened to her. When he saw her alive and well, with all her rich gifts, he was overjoyed and took her home at once.

When her stepmother saw all Jack Frost's wonderful gifts, she made her husband take her own two daughters and leave them in the forest, to see what Jack Frost would give them.

Sitting under the tree in the forest, the two girls began to shiver, although they were well wrapped up in warm coats and hoods. "I hope our mother was right about these husbands who are going to come and fetch us," said Tania. "I hope they come soon, I am quite frozen."

"It is unbearably cold," agreed Marfa. "What if only one husband comes? Of course, he will choose me." Then they fell to quarrelling over who was the most beautiful.

Jack Frost heard them when

he was still a long way off. He came along, making the twigs crackle and snap and the ground sparkle with his frost jewels. "Why are you sitting here in the cold?" he asked the two girls.

"We are waiting for our husbands," they grumbled.

"Are you all right?" asked Jack Frost.

"No, we are nearly frozen with cold," said Tania. "It is all this horrible frost. I can't bear it."

"Are you very cold, in those warm coats?" asked Frost.

"You must be blind if you cannot see us shivering," said Marfa. "Do go away, you silly old man."

Jack Frost was so angry with the bad-tempered girls that he snapped his fingers at them and immediately they changed into blocks of ice and that is how their father found them, when he came to look for them next day.

When he told their mother what had happened, she shrieked loudly and rushed off to the forest, to see if she could melt the ice round her beloved daughters. She has never been seen again from that day to this and her two daughters disappeared too. As for Magda she married a handsome lad from the village and they lived happily ever after.





WHAT IS MARATHON?

This is a term now loosely applied to long distance races or other events, that take a long time to finish. But the true marathon is a race that is one of the main events of the Olympic Games. The name comes from the Battle of Marathon in 490 B.C., when the Greeks had a big victory over the Persians. A runner named Pheidippides (say it Fy-dip-id-ees) raced the 20-odd miles back to Athens with the joyful news, then fell dead. In the modern form of Olympic Games, drawn up in 1896, the Marathon Race is run over a distance of 26 miles 385 yards.

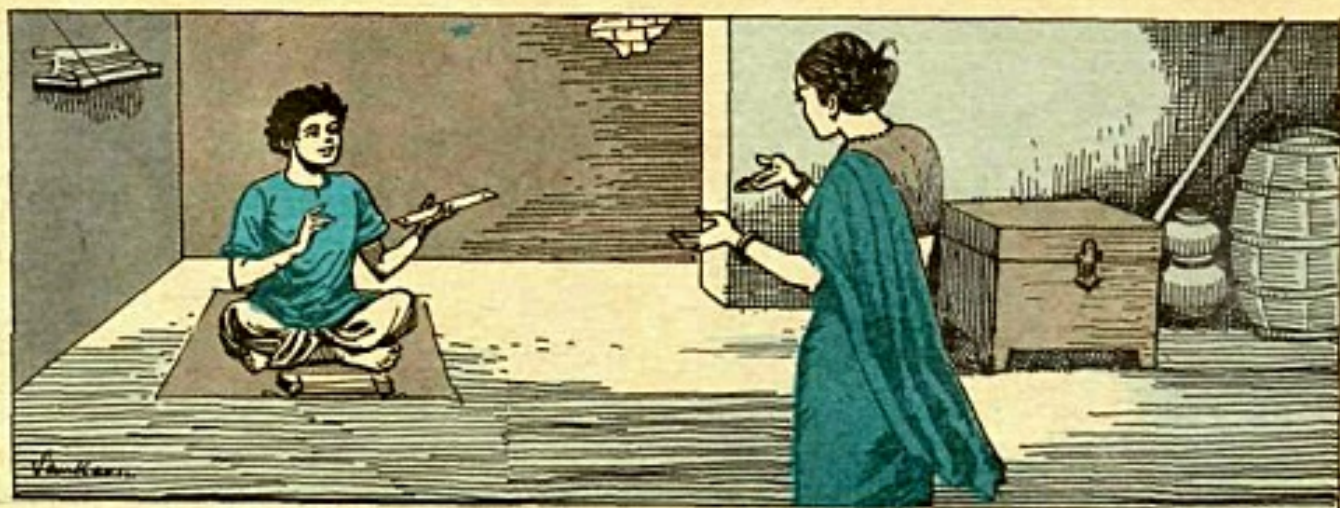
WHY IS THE LETTER X AT THE BEGINNING OF A WORD PRONOUNCED LIKE THE LETTER Z?

Most words beginning with the letter x are of Greek origin. In the original alphabet the letter had two sounds; the Eastern Greeks pronounced it like kh, while to those in the West it was ks. The Romans adopted the ks sound and placed the letter x at the end of their alphabet, which did not then include y and z. Many Greek and Latin sounds were hard to make when coming into the English language, so people got as near as they could to them. It seems likely that the ks sound was not easily made at the beginning of a word and the nearest to it was the sound of the letter z. Pictured here are a bird and a squirrel, whose Latin names begin with x.

**Xanthoura
luxuosa**



Xerus erythropus



ADITYA AND THE VAMPIRE

Once upon a time a carpenter named Aditya lived in a small village. He was an illiterate fellow and earned his living through hard work. His old mother lived with him and encouraged him to work harder.

As luck would have it, his uncle died, and left all his wealth to Aditya. Now that he was master of a lot of money, Aditya thought it fruitless to work by the sweat of his brow. So he went to his mother and said, "Mother, why should I labour any more? Let us live happily with all this wealth."

His mother replied, "What foolish talk is this, boy? You will earn more money by working harder. Money earned is money saved. However if you so wish, you may buy a house."

So Aditya bought a house, but did not give up carpentry. Then he thought he should become learned. So he went to the village schoolmaster and requested him to lend him some books. The schoolmaster gave him a beginner's primer and a book containing the stories of King Vikramaditya and the Vampire. After some time Aditya mastered the alphabets and learnt to read quite well. Naturally the first book that he read avidly was the one featuring King Vikramaditya and the Vampire. Aditya was fascinated by the tales, but was specially interested in the wit and cleverness of the vampire. He sought to emulate the King's example and make the acquaintance of a vampire. But where



to get hold of one? He asked many others in the village but they all scoffed at him and warned against such foolish talk.

Now there lived in that village another crafty carpenter called Vaidya. He was jealous of Aditya's good fortune and was always plotting to grab the latter's wealth. When he heard about Aditya's new madness, he decided to do something about it.

One day he accosted Aditya in the street and said, "Well, Aditya, I understand that you keep the company of vampires." Aditya replied despondently, "I wish I could. But no one will tell me how."

"Oh! That's easy," said Vaidya. "Go to the crematorium with me, and you can make the acquaintance of hundreds of them. But be sure to take some money with you."

Aditya was overjoyed to hear this and did not pause to think why it was necessary to carry some money to the crematorium. At the dead of night, he crept out of his house noiselessly, and reached the desolate moor. But there was no vampire to be seen, only a white figure flitting from tree to tree. Thinking that he had at last found the vampire, Aditya bounded forward and clasped the white figure round the middle. What was his surprise to receive a ringing blow on his ears, and the next moment he fell down. The white figure ran off with Aditya's money. Of course, it was Vaidya, who had played the trick on Aditya. The latter returned home, not so much sorry because he had lost his money, but acutely unhappy that he could not talk to the vampire. He related all to his mother, who realised that her foolish son had been well duped. However, she suggested that he should cultivate

friendship with the vampire and learn more.

So next day, Aditya went off to the moor and saw a white clad figure standing motionlessly. Picking up courage he went near it and started a conversation. But the figure did not reply and remained mute. Angered at last, Aditya showered blows on it, but it was of no use. He became bruised in the process, but the figure would not speak. How could it seeing that it was only a rock draped by a white sheet? Naturally it was the work of Vaidya!

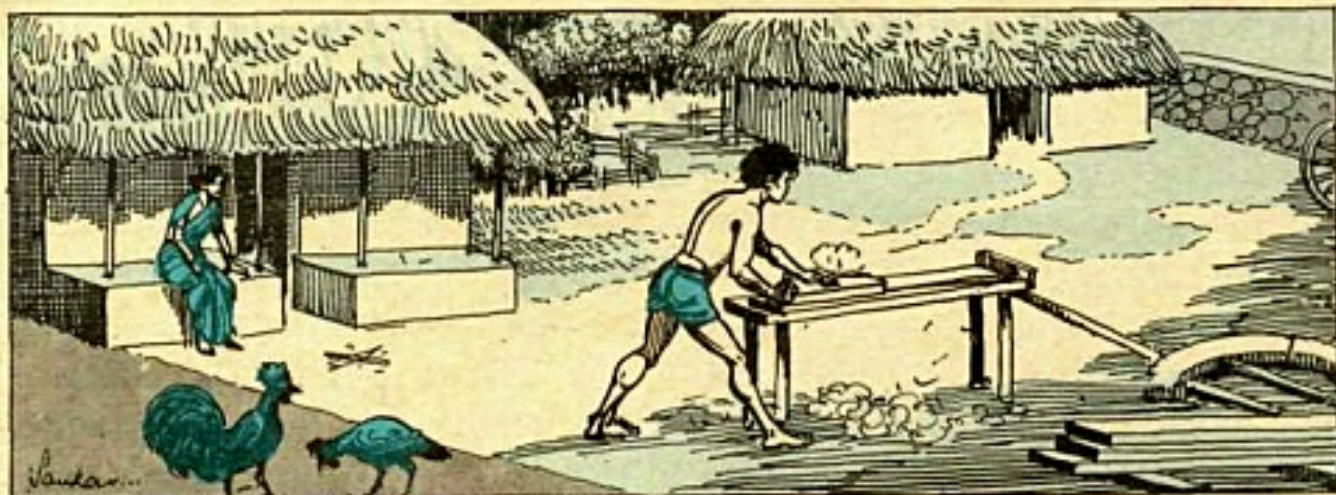
Aditya went home and told his mother how he had tried to speak to the vampire and how

becoming impatient at its continued silence had rained blows on it, and had injured his hand. His mother was amused at his endless foolishness, but remarked, "Son, it's no use running after the vampire. It is said that if it likes a man, it will seek him out and become friendly. So stay here, and don't go out anymore."

Aditya thought this a sound advice and that night slept in the open in front of the house. Vaidya took this opportunity and at the midnight hour set fire to the house. A neighbour returning to the village saw the blaze and ran to wake up the sleeping Aditya.

"Aditya, get up, man, get





up," shouted the neighbour.

But Aditya thought that the vampire had come, and closing his eyes tightly pretended to be fast asleep.

The neighbour shouted, "Get up, Aditya, your house is burning."

Still, Aditya did not get up, thinking that the vampire was up to some trick or the other.

Disgusted with the slumbering Aditya, the neighbour exclaimed, "Go on then, get burnt with your house," and ran off.

In the meanwhile, Aditya's mother came running and

shrieked at her son to get up and put out the fire. Hearing his mother's voice, Aditya got up reluctantly and saw the house burning merrily. Quickly he ran to get buckets of water and doused the flames, but the damage had been done. The house was reduced to ashes, and thus Aditya lost all his wealth.

From that day, he gave up all foolishness about the vampire and devoted himself to carpentry. As for Vaidya, his guilt was established by the village panchayat and he went to jail for a long, long time.



When the wind is in the East,
Then the fishes bite the least;
When the wind is in the West,
Then the fishes bite the best;
When the wind is in the North,
Then the fishes do come forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth.

—Anonymous



FORTUNE FAVOURS FOOL

A certain widow lived in the city of Madipura. She had a son named Sudhir. Though he was named for intelligence, he was the most foolish creature alive. But he was a good lad and was very simple in his ways.

His mother worried about him constantly. She knew he was incapable of carrying out the simplest commands successfully.

One day she sent him into the forest to gather some firewood. Thrice she reminded him of what he had to do. Sudhir could not understand why she had impressed this simple command upon him thrice.

He set out for the forest with the axe on his shoulder. As he was passing through the forest, he saw three youths snoring

away under a tree while the blazing sun shone on them mercilessly. Sudhir quickly cut a branch and held it over their faces so that the sunlight would not fall on them.

The three awoke suddenly to find themselves in the comforting shade of a branch. They saw Sudhir standing there and asked him what he did. He told them he was providing them with shade so that they could sleep comfortably. Moved by his kindness they blessed him and said, "You are a good lad. Whatever you wish will happen." Now they were really Gods and pleased with Sudhir's good nature, gave him this remarkable power.

But dim-witted Sudhir did not understand what they said.

He went into the forest and gathered up a lot of firewood. In fact he had so much that he found it impossible to carry them. So he sat down and wished that he could fly home with his bundle of firewood.

At once he rose into the air with his bundle of firewood. Princess Meenalochani saw him from her window and laughed loud at the funny spectacle of the lad riding on a bundle of firewood. Sudhir felt annoyed because she was laughing at him and wished he could marry her and teach her a lesson.

As soon as he thought of this, a similar idea possessed the princess and she ran to the

king and told him she was keen on marrying Sudhir. At first the king was angry because he did not like the idea of marrying his daughter off to a strange young man, who flew in the air on a bundle of firewood.

He tried to reason with the princess but she would not listen and so finally after consulting his ministers he announced a banquet at which all the unmarried young men of the city were invited. But Sudhir did not go as his mother could not trust her foolish son out of her sight.

So the princess not finding Sudhir in the crowd declared





that another banquet would have to be held. This time those who did not attend would be severely punished.

So Sudhir's mother fearful of the royal wrath sent her son to the banquet. When the princess saw him, she ran to her father and said, "Father, there he is. He is the one I want to marry."

The king was aghast to see the simple and foolish looking Sudhir. So he said to his daughter, "Are you going to marry that foolish creature?"

"Yes, father," replied the resolute princess.

"Very well, but don't blame me for what happens

afterwards," said the wrathful king.

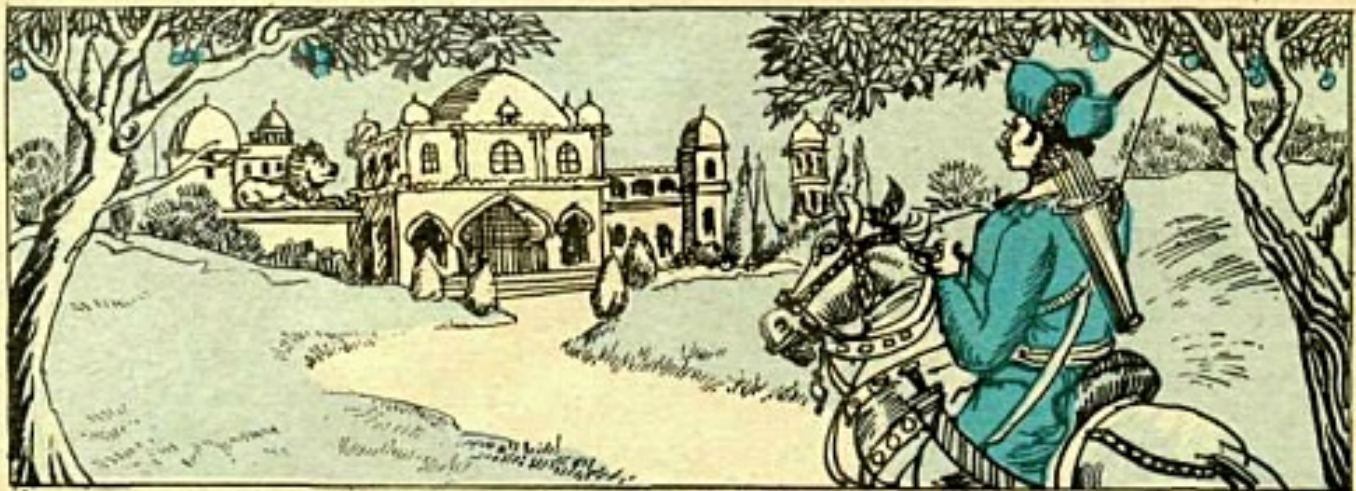
So the wedding took place and soon afterwards the king shut them up in a wooden barrel and threw it into the sea.

However, some food was stored inside so that the couple would not die of starvation.

The princess thoroughly alarmed spoke to Sudhir.

"What shall we do?"

"Don't worry. Somehow whatever I think has come true so far. I saw you and wanted to marry you and here we are." Princess Meenalochani, realising that he had some miraculous power urged him to save them from their pitiable plight.



So Sudhir wished a ship would take them off the wooden cask and sure enough a ship appeared in the horizon and they were saved.

Soon they reached land and the princess urged Sudhir to wish for a palace and a retinue of servants. He wished for all that and it all came to pass.

One day Meenalochani said to Sudhir "Why don't you wish that you could be handsome and intelligent?"

So Sudhir wished as she had suggested and was straightaway transformed into a handsome and keen eyed prince.

In the meanwhile, Meenalochani's father regretted his hasty

action in throwing his daughter and son-in-law into the sea. Thinking they might have been saved somehow he began to search for them.

One day he came to a magnificent palace and was astonished to discover his daughter and son-in-law living there. He heard all that had happened and was now proud of Sudhir who was the most intelligent man in all the land.

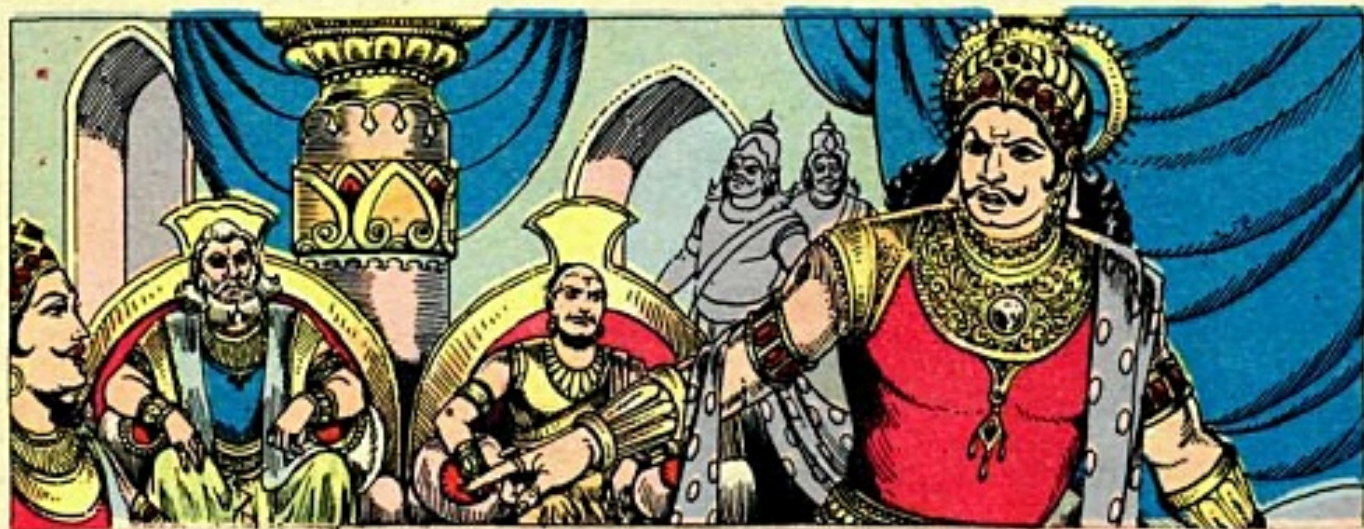
As for Sudhir's mother, she came to the palace to live with her son and rejoiced in the good fortune that had atlast come to one who was once considered foolish and inefficient.

RIDDLES

1. What has four legs but is not an animal; feathers, yet is not a bird; and clothes but is not human.
2. Why is a ship very polite?
3. What has one eye and drags its tail behind it?

3. A needle and thread.
2. Because it always approaches with a bow.
1. A feather bed.

ANSWERS



MAHABHARATA

The story so far...

When Duryodhana asked why he refused to fight against Sikhandi, Bhishma related the story of Amba, later born as Sikhandi, who was destined to be the instrument of his death. And Duryodhana reconciled to the fact that the patriarch would not fight against that 'one man', Sikhandi. Now read on...

On the eve of the great battle, Duryodhana called all his renowned warriors to his tent and addressed them.

"How long will it take you to destroy the Pandava armies?" he queried.

Lord Bhishma replied that it would take him thirty days to accomplish the task. Drona answered that he too would

take thirty days in which to rout the Pandavas. Kripa was more cautious. He gave two months as his estimate.

Aswathama announced he would bring about the destruction of the Pandavas in ten days only. Karna boasted that he would demolish the Pandava's might in just five days. All this gladdened Duryodhana's heart. He was sure that with such redoubtable warriors on his side, ultimate victory would be his.

He smiled triumphantly at Karna. Correctly interpreting that look, Lord Bhishma said, "Karna can only boast of what he can do. He can never translate it into action."

In the meanwhile spies brought news of all this to



Yudhishtira. He told Arjuna, "How long will it take you to destroy the Kaurava armies?"

Arjuna replied, "How can we fix a period for this battle? If our warriors set their minds to it, we can destroy our enemies in a trice. I possess the divine Pasupatha weapon. Neither Bhishma and Drona, nor Kripa and Karna have the like of it. But it will not be right to use it on ordinary people. Many of our great warriors possess such powerful weapons in their arsenal. Above all the determination to fight and win is intense in them. This steadfastness of the mind is the equal of a myriad weapons. We need nothing else."

The next morning, the

Kaurava armies began to creep towards the Pandava positions. The battlefield of Kurukshetra resembled a huge city with its lofty tents and vast sea of soldiers. It seemed as though all the cities and towns had been emptied of its menfolk. Only the women and children remained behind.

As the battle was about to be joined, Sage Vyasa called on King Dhritarashtra. Prophetically he declared, "Oh! King the time has come for your sons and the other kings to depart this mortal world. Don't grieve over their fate. Do you wish to see the battle? I'll give you an inner vision which will enable you to see the activities of the combatants on the field of battle."

Sorrowfully, Dhritarashtra exclaimed, "Sir, do I need my vision to see the destruction and death visited upon my kith and kin? I'd rather remain blind as I am now. Man should only see the good things of life. He should not look upon the evil and foul deeds. Therefore, I have no desire to witness this terrible war. It should be enough if someone were found to relay to me news of the battle."

Vyasa said, "Sanjaya will have the power to see and comment upon the war."

Sanjaya stayed near the blind King and began to describe the war.

Yudhishtira looked at his hordes and said, "Men, the pearly gates of a glorious paradise are open. Fight valiantly so that after death you may win glory in the Heavens."

With the sole exception of Karna, the kings and their hordes readied themselves for the titanic struggle.

The two armies wheeled about in their initial formations. Bhima stood at the head of his army. Sikhandi was stationed in the centre. Sathyaki led the left flank. Dhrishtadyumna rode round the formations to inspect their readiness for the ensuing combat.

On Arjuna's instructions, Lord Krishna drove his chariot into the middle of the armies facing each other. Arjuna looked around and saw all his relatives, and near and dear ones arrayed in front of him. The longer he looked the heavier became his heart at the thought that soon he would have to slaughter them all. A vast doubt assailed him. Was



it right to kill all those who were of his flesh and blood? As he wavered, his mighty bow began to slip from his fingers.

He spoke anguishedly to Lord Krishna. "Must I kill all my relations and then regain our territories? It seems that our entire race will be completely destroyed."

Then Lord Krishna consoled him with the words that have since been enshrined in the immortal classic—The Bhagwad Gita!

He said, "Arjuna, do your duty. Don't think of the fruits thereof. The soul can never die. When it shuffles off its mortal home, it seeks another habitation. It is the duty of the



Kshatriya to fight. Is it proper for a warrior to run from a fight? Death ten times first. The wise look at things impartially. Happiness and sorrow are the same to them. They do not lose heart at anything. They bring to their work all the keenness and enthusiasm they are capable of. Therefore, you too should concentrate on the work at hand without losing heart. Go and fight with a will."

Arjuna picked up courage from the mighty wisdom of Lord Krishna. At the same time, in another part of the field Yudhishtira took off his armour, and to the intense surprise of his brothers walked towards Lord Bhishma with folded hands. Only Lord Krishna smiled

understandingly and said, "Yudhishtira goes to seek the blessings of Lord Bhishma, and Drona before commencing the fight."

The Kauravas chortled with delight when they saw Yudhishtira advancing meekly towards them. They thought he was coming in to announce his surrender to them. High ran their hopes of victory. Now there would be no need to fight.

Yudhishtira, all unheeding walked across to where his Great grandfather stood and said, "Grandfather, you must permit us to fight against your invincible might. Bless us."

Lord Bhishma said gently, "Yudhishtira, I am glad that you seek my blessings in this fashion. Victory will be yours. I have partaken of the salt of the Kauravas. Therefore, I must fight for them. Ask of me what you will, and I shall grant it to you freely."

"How can we defeat you in battle?" asked Yudhishtira naively.

Lord Bhishma chuckled to hear this and said, "That I don't know. No one has beaten me yet in battle. Death on the battlefield is not for me."

Yudhishtira had to be satisfied with this enigmatic answer. Then he went over to Drona, and sought his blessings.

Drona blessed him and said, "I am pleased with your conduct, Yudhishtira. Fight well, and may victory crown your efforts."

Again Yudhishtira asked pointedly "How can we defeat you in battle?"

Drona replied promptly, "You can kill me only when I become weaponless. That can happen only when I become standstill on account of the news of some great personal misfortune."

Yudhishtira thought over this, and then went to Lord Kripa and Salva to be blessed by them. He requested his uncle Salva to help them in defeating Karna. Then he returned to his side.

In the meanwhile, Lord Krishna went to Karna and said, "Karna, you have sworn never to step on the battlefield for as long as Bhishma is alive. Why don't you switch sides and fight with the Pandvas against him. You can kill Lord Bhishma, then change sides again, and lead the Kaurava armies against the Pandavas."

Karna laughed at the queer logic behind Lord Krishna's words. But he replied seriously, "I cannot betray Duryodhana. I am willing to give up my life for his sake. I can never be a party to his downfall."

Yudhishtira looked at the vast array of the Kaurava forces and proclaimed loudly, "If there is any amongst you who would like to fight with us, you are welcome."

At once, Yuyuthsu, one of the sons of Duryodhana left the Kaurava ranks and joined the Pandavas. He was the only Kaurava who admired and respected Yudhishtira. He said, "Lord Yudhishtira, take me in your side, and I'll fight against the Kauravas."

Yudhishtira welcomed him gladly. Then he put on his armour and climbed into his chariot. The war horns began to blow, and to the clanking sound of armour, and the neighing of the steeds, battle was joined.

(Contd.)

Blessed is the man that has found his work. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.

—Thomas Carlyle



THE MAGICIAN

Long long ago in the mountain kingdom of Nepal, there lived many powerful magicians. This story is about one of them, a man named Vikram Thapa.

One day he drove his cows to graze, and leaving them untended went to drink water from a well. His neighbour saw him and said, "Hey, Vikram, you've left your cows to graze all by themselves. They are bound to run away."

Vikram said, "Never fear. I can control my cows from where I stand. They'll come at my bidding."

The neighbour and others who had gathered there laughed to hear this.

Vikram was highly incensed at their laughter and said, "Oh! You don't believe me, alright, watch this."

Then he began to mumble some meaningless abracadabra, and Hey Presto! All his cows came running towards him. Then he said, "Now, go back to your grazing grounds."

And as though they understood what he said, they swished their tails and went back to their grazing. The villagers were not a little surprised at this.

At another time, Dil Bahadur, a wealthy man of the village invited Vikram to the annual cattle fair where he would buy a milch cow. Vikram went along and Dil Bahadur selected a fine cow. Then he asked Vikram to drive it home.

Vikram looked at the cow and said, "Go on. Go to Dil Bahadur's cowshed. I'll be along presently, as soon as I have seen the fair." The cow

ambled away.

When nightfall came, Dil Bahadur returned home and was surprised to see the milch cow snugly bedded down on heaps of straw in the shed and yet no one had driven it home because Vikram had been with him all evening.

From that day on Vikram was put in charge of the cow. One day, the cow behaved strangely and tried to gore Vikram. At once he understood that some rival magician was casting a spell on the animal in order to kill him. Quickly he went to a corner of the shed, and began to sweep the ground with a broom, all the while chanting meso spells.

A little later, there was an anguished cry of, "Oh! Don't kill me." Puran, the milkman, came running and threw himself at Vikram's feet. "Stop, Stop," he cried out hoarsely. His back was streaming with blood from the red streaks all over.

Vikram said, "So, you pit your puny strength against mine. I let you off this time. But mind, the next time you try your tricks, I shan't be so merciful."

Puran ran away from the village when he found that Vik-



ram's powers were superior to his.

One day, Vikram and his friends set out from their village to go to Khatmandu, there to sell their rice for a profit. The caravan was comprised of twelve bullock carts and a dozen helpers. Enroute, they rested for a while under the comforting shade of a tree. The bullocks were unyoked and allowed to graze freely. Just then a pack of fierce looking dogs came bounding down a path. There seemed to be no one chasing them and yet they were running so fast that flecks of foam dribbled from their open jaws.

Everyone was surprised to see

this, but Vikram sensing some evil, made a pass with his hand, and the dogs wheeled and began to run the way they had come. Rather intrigued, Vikram's friends looked at him enquiringly.

Vikram said, "Some man has set these dogs upon us. Let us wait and see what happens."

A little later, a horseman came galloping towards them. He neared the group at the tree and demanded haughtily, "Who was it that sent back my dogs? Why should anyone interfere with my activities?"

Vikram stepped forward boldly and said, "It was I. Do you want to know why I sent your dogs back?"

The horseman looked at Vikram silently and as though reaching a decision turned his horse round and galloped off in a cloud of dust. More mystified than ever, Vikram's friends

crowded round him asking for an explanation of the whole mystery.

Vikram said, "This man is veterinary surgeon. He treats animals. But he has also learnt some magic. His practice is to set his dogs on all the cattle hereabout, so that owners can bring their wounded animals to him for treatment. That's how he makes a lot of money. No one knows that he does all this deliberately. As he is the only animal doctor for miles around, cowherds and shepherds have no alternative but to go to him for treating their livestock. Now I've put an end to all that."

Sure enough, from that day on, the livestock of the village did not suffer from dog bite, and Vikram Thapa's fame as a benevolent magician spread far and wide, until the king heard about it and appointed him to the royal court.





YAMA'S PUNISHMENT

The Lord of Samastipur was a gay blade and rarely stayed at home. He was forever galloping off to the king's Court at Lakshmanpur where he had a roistering time. He had a huge retinue of servants in his house who did nothing to earn their keep. As the master was frequently away there was no one to supervise their work, and so they lazed away and hardly dusted and cleaned the huge palace.

All of them barring a small boy, lived in the village, and at night they would depart leaving the huge mansion empty of guards.

One night, Arun, the little boy was fast asleep when a noise woke him up. He got up to investigate and saw to his surprise a figure working in

the darkness, dusting and cleaning the place.

At first, it cleaned the hall, then filled the brass gourds with water. Then it swept the rooms, made the beds, polished the banisters and in a short time had tidied up the whole house. Then in the twinkling of an eye it disappeared through the locked door. Arun was not a little astonished at this strange happening and next morning related the incident to the other servants. Everyone concluded that it must have been the work of a spirit haunting the house. But all the servants were happy that someone was doing their work and helping to keep the house clean. But no one was willing to spend a night under that roof and little Arun, who was the bravest of the lot volun-

teered to sleep there at night. Many nights passed in this manner.

One day Arun decided to talk to the strange visitor. As the hour of midnight struck, Arun heard the noise of vessels being rolled on the ground. He was determined to talk to the midnight intruder. So, noiselessly he tip-toed into the kitchen and saw a dark looking monkey busily cleaning the pots and pans.

Arun was astonished to see this, and picking up courage asked,

"Hallo, why do you clean our kitchen? Are you a ghost or what?"

The monkey did not seem to

be put out by this question. Without stopping its work, it answered, "This is my fate. This is the punishment given to me by Yama, the Lord of Hades. I used to be servant to the father of our present Lord of Samastipur. I was lazy and did not work one bit but took my salary regularly. When I died, I went to Yama's Court and he sentenced me to come here every night and make up for all the time I had wasted once. That's why I come even in the coldest winter's night to work off my debt."

Arun was moved by this pitiable recital. So he said, "Look here, I feel sorry for you. I'll tell the others and





get you some warm clothes. Then you won't feel so bad."

The monkey replied, "Thank you, friend. Do that and I'll be grateful to you."

The next day, Arun told the others about the monkey's misery, and they all agreed to contribute some warm clothes.

That night the monkey came as usual, and Arun handed over the woollen garments. After wearing the warm clothes, the monkey began to go out of the house.

Arun exclaimed, "Hallo, aren't you going to start your work?"

The monkey replied, "Yama has ordained that I shall be free of this labour, if some one pays me for my work. I've got these clothes as payment for my labour here. Thus the spell on me has been lifted. Therefore, I shall depart never to return." After saying this the monkey darted away and was lost in the darkness.

Next morning, the servants heard from Arun, the strange ending to the tale of the monkey. From that day on they began to work with a will, because fear of Yama's punishment for laziness had got into their hearts.



WHY DOES YOUR CAT MAKE A PURRING SOUND?

A low, murmuring hum for a cat is a sign of contentment. The purr, as it is called, is made by the cat vibrating its vocal cords. If a cat could sing, it would very likely startle many households when it was particularly happy and contented! The cat's vocal cords are also used to mew and make other noises, usually at night.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



P. Balaji Rao



P. Balaji Rao

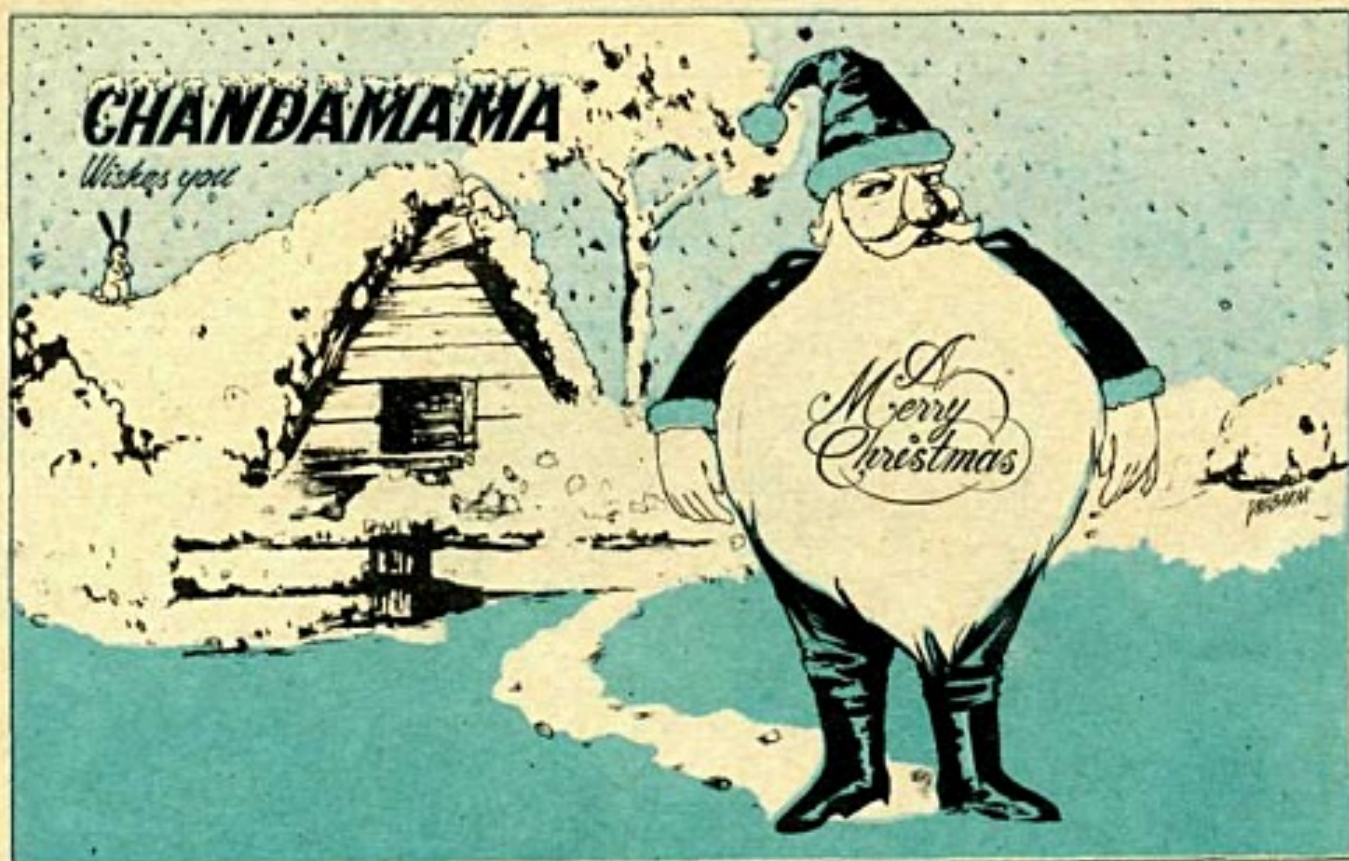
- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st December.
- Winning captions will be announced in FEBRUARY issue.
- Write your entry on a post card, give your full name, address, age and post to :

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in October Issue

The prize is awarded to
Mr. C. Balakrishnan
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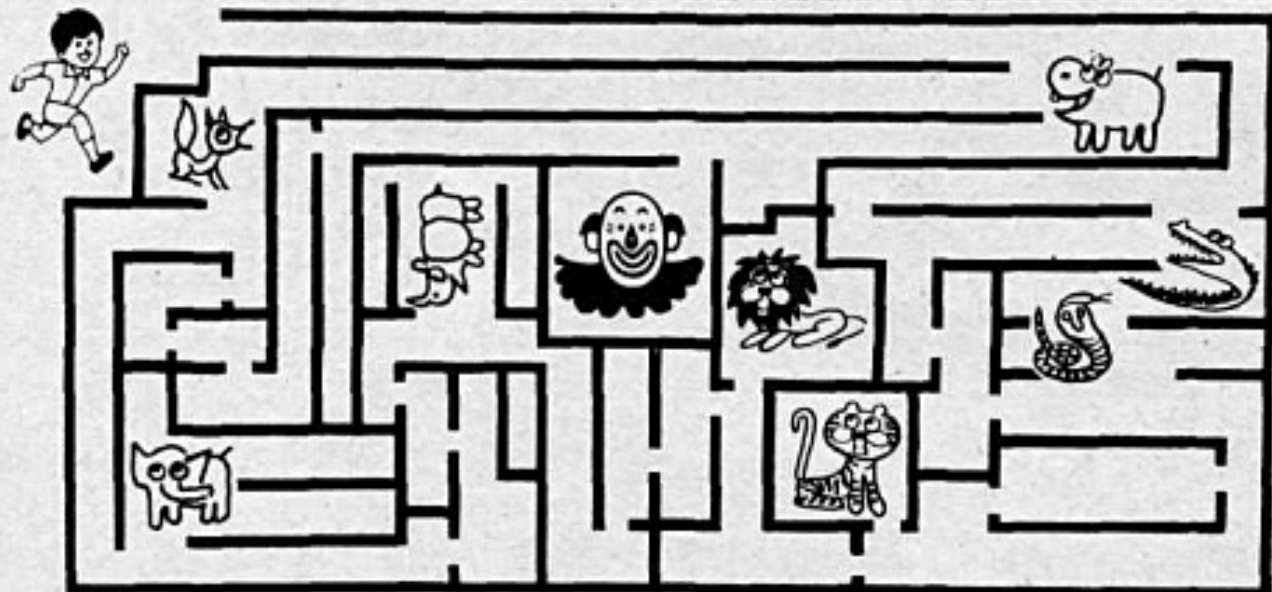
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All you have to do is find the shortest way to the Chiclets Clown. It's easy. Start right now. And mark the route in the picture.

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I like Chiclets best because.....

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Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all children except to those of the employees of Warner-Hindustan Limited and their Advertising Agencies.
2. Contestants may submit any number of entries but each entry must be accompanied by 6 empty

- 12's Chiclets cartons or 30 of 2's empty packs.
3. Entry forms must be filled in English.
4. Illegibly filled entries or under-stamped or unstamped entries will be rejected.
5. The contest will be judged by an

independent panel of judges. Their decision will be final and binding.
 6. No correspondence will be entertained.

Names of the winners will now be announced in the April issue of this magazine.

Each entrant will get a Chiclets Fun Album FREE.



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Chandamama [English]

December '73

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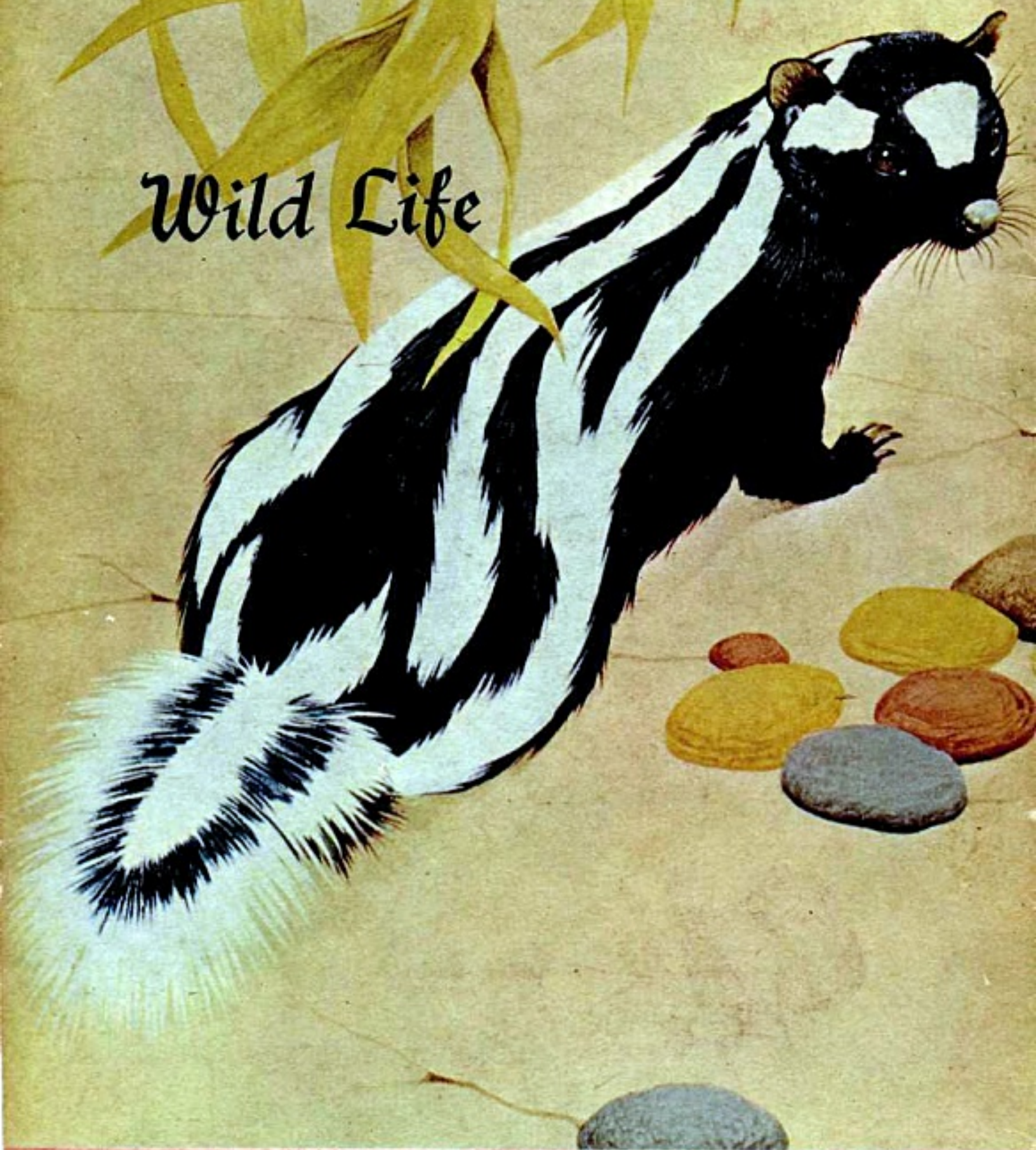
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Z for Zorilla. A strange cat-like creature sometimes called the striped polecat. It lives in Africa and gives off an evil smelling fluid as a defensive weapon.